There pleading might you ſee graue NESTOR ſtand,
As'twere incouraging the Greekes to fight,
Making ſuch ſober action with his hand,
That it beguild attention, charm'd the ſight,
In ſpeech it ſeemd his beard, all ſiluer white,
VVag'd vp and downe, and from his lips did flie,
Thin winding breath which purl'd vp to the skie.

About him were a preſſe of gaping faces,
VVhich ſeem'd to ſwallow vp his ſound aduice,
All ioyntlie liſtning, but with ſeuerall graces,
As if ſome Marmaide did their eares intice,
Some high, ſome low, the Painter was ſo nice.
The ſcalpes of manie, almoſt hid behind,
To iump vp higher ſeem'd to mocke the mind.

Here one mans hand leand on anothers head,
His noſe being ſhadowed by his neighbours eare,
Here one being throng'd, bears back all boln, & red,
Another ſmotherd, ſeemes to pelt and ſweare,
And in their rage ſuch ſignes of rage they beare,
As but for loſſe of NESTORS golden words,
It ſeem'd they would debate with angrie ſwords.

For